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August, 1921

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**PALMAM QUI
MERUIT FERAT**

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EDITORIALS.

This issue brings us to the end of a very successful year. The paper has done much to increase the interest of the students in their every-day school life and has enabled friends of the school to know just what we are doing. The retiring board deserves much credit for their good work and we, the new board, will do our best to continue this work.

Also, the success of this paper is due in a large measure to the financial support accorded us by the merchants whose advertisements appear in our paper.

The biggest problem confronting the publication of a school paper is the securing of the necessary funds. Edward Dwyer, the retiring manager of the *Hopkins Arms* tackled this problem last fall and was able, by means of untiring efforts and an enthusiasm which was contagious, to solve the problem. He has been continually on the job and his work in all of the managerial

departments has been most efficient. He is due the thanks of the entire student body who are aware of how much the success of the paper this past year has been due to him.

As this paper goes to press the Class of 1921 are no longer undergraduates but have joined the ranks of loyal alumni. We are sorry to see them go and we shall miss them very much. As they go forth we wish them the best of success in whatever work may be theirs.

A review of the past may be an inspiration for the future. This year has been a very successful one for us in many ways. In athletics our success has not been in scoring but in the developing of our teams for next year. This past year the under-class men have had a chance to try out for the teams and they have proven their ability in such a way as to make us expect a banner year in athletics next year. The interest in girls' athletics has revived and they have done excellent work.

Under the direction of Mrs. Anderson the Girls' Glee Club presented very successfully the Indian operetta, "The Feast of the Red Corn." Our periods for music on Thursday mornings have been looked forward to each week.

Prize-speaking and the debate with Amherst created much enthusiasm. We were more than proud of our debating team and the prize speakers deserve the credit given them.

All this has tended to arouse a good school spirit. We have worked together in all undertakings that have brought honor to our school and we have been proud of all our achievements.

Let us carry on the good work that has been begun and make next year the most successful one Hopkins has ever known.

We are sorry to learn that two of our faculty are leaving Hopkins—Miss Burke and Mrs. Anderson. They have made a place in our school life which will be hard to fill and we wish them happiness and success in whatever they may undertake.

SCHOOL NEWS

A well-planned and instructive program was presented at the afternoon assembly at Hopkins, on May 20th, by the Senior French Class, under the direction of Miss Grace M. Burke. The words of songs and poems were given almost entirely in French, with a view for fluent and correct pronunciation of language; while the readings told of French customs and outlined the lives and accomplishments of that country, famous in history. The program was as follows:

Song—"Le Drapeau Etoile"	Class
Essay—"The Origin of the Marseillaise,"	Margaret Kelly
Song—"La Marseillaise,"	Class
Essay—"The Poet, Alphonso de Lamartine,"	Elinor Smith
Song—"Bereuse de Jocelyn,"	Dorothy Comins
Song—"Ma Normandie,"	Class
Essay—"The Poet, Victor Hugo,"	Helen McQueston
Reading-Poem—"La Tombe D it a la Rose,"	Viola Maclean
Song—"Historie Navrante d'um Petite Navire,"	Class

A scene from "Monsieur Perrichon," followed, in which Bradford Hill took the part of M. Perrichon; Constance Hill, Mme. Perrichon; Helen McQueston, Henriette, and Edward Dwyer, Le Facteur. The program closed with the school song, "Hail, Hopkins, Hail," which had been translated into French by the class. Edward Dwyer was chairman and Bradford Hill pianist.

On the 27th of May, Madame Sartoris of the New York headquarters of the French Reconstruction Fund, visited Hopkins, to thank the pupils for contributions they made in behalf of this cause. She spoke in an interesting manner of the restoration of schools and various other institutions now being made in France; she also described the conditions of that great and heroic country—France—as the World war left it.

The annual election of officers of the Athletic Association was held the afternoon of June 8th. President Edward Dwyer presided. Announcement was made that the boys had chosen as captains, Joseph Yarrows, '22, for soccer; Edward Coffey, '22, for basketball, and Edward Jekanowski '22, for baseball. The Association then elected managers as follows: Lewis Whitaker, '23, for soccer, John Moore, '22, for basketball and John Mileski, '22, for baseball. Edward Jekanowski was elected president of the Association, Edward Coffey, Vice-President and Kathryn Toole, Secretary. The Hopkins letter, "H" for good work and efforts in athletics was awarded to the following girls:

Sophie Banasieska,	'22
Helen Bistrek,	'21
Olive Keefe,	'23
Susie Kremensky,	'22
Helen Mazeski,	'22
Margaret Miller,	'21
Grace Murphy,	'21
Kathryn Toole,	'22
Margaret Toole,	'23

Appropriate speeches were given by the faculty, members of the Senior Class and the newly elected officers.

Class of 1921

Helen Marion Bistrek.
 Dorothy Phelps Comins.
 John Michael Connelly.
 Edward Michael Dwyer.
 Frederic Donald Fairman.
 Bradford Morehouse Hill.
 Constance Hill.
 Dorothy Esther Horton.
 Margaret Lauretta Kelley.
 Marguerite Viola MacLean.
 Hazel Mary Mather.
 Helen Bell McQueston.
 Margaret Ethel Miller.
 Grace Elizabeth Murphy.
 Elinor Van Dorn Smith.

Class Motto.

"Not Evening, But Dawn."

Class Colors.

Gold and Brown.

Class Flower.

Ox-Eyed Daisy.

Commencement Week.

Friday, June 10,	Senior Play
Sunday, June 12,	Baccalaureate Day
Local Churches Recognize as is fitting.	
Tuesday, June 14,	Farewell at School
Wednesday, June 15,	Alumni Reunion
2.30 P. M.,	Alumni Ball Game
6.00 P. M.,	Alumni Banquet
Thursday, June 16,	Class Day
3.00 P. M.,	Class Exercises
6.00 P. M.,	Reception to Class and Faculty at Principal's Home
Friday, June 17,	
8.00 P. M.	Graduation at Town Hall

Senior Play.

"Out of Town," a three-act comedy was presented by the Class of 1921 in the Town Hall, on the evening of June 10th. A large and enthusiastic crowd greatly enjoyed the play, which was interesting all the way through, involving a general mixup of characters and developing humorous situations. The cast was as follows:

John Spencer Ellington, an English Duke,	Donald Fairman
Robert Thorndyke, bachelor by choice,	John Connelly
Mrs. Thorndyke,	Margaret Kelley
Elizabeth, her daughter,	Margaret Miller
Mrs. Luddington Monroe, classmate of	
Mrs. Thorndyke,	Helen Bistrek
Esther, her daughter,	Grace Murphy
James, the butler,	Bradford Hill
Marie, the maid,	Dorothy Horton

Music was furnished by the Hadley Orchestra before the play and between acts. A solo, "Old Pal," was sung by Dorothy Comins, '21.

Sophomore Farewell.

It has been the custom for several years for the Sophomore Class to give a farewell to the Seniors by planning a good time for the last afternoon of the school year.

This year assisted by Miss Burke and Miss Leonard the Sophomores distinguished themselves by presenting one of the most clever and amusing programs ever given. It kept the audience laughing most of the time and it had clever "knocks."

After the program the class served ice cream and Mr. Reed entertained by showing lantern slides.

The program:

Song by the class—The Seniors (A parody on Good-night, My Love.)

Class Ode—Eleanor Miller

Class Will—Mabel Mather

Prophecy of the Class of 1921,

Margaret Toole and Olive Keefe
 Songs by the Class—"Who Will Sit in the Senior's
 Seats," and "Where! Oh Where!" song.



CLASS OF 1921

Left to right—Top Row: D. Fairman, M. Miller, E. Smith, C. Hill, D. Comins, J. Connelly; Center Row: G. Murphy, V. MacLean, E. Dwyer, B. Hill, M. Kelley; Bottom Row: H. McQueston, H. Bistrek, H. Mather and D. Horton

Alumni 18,

Hopkins 15.

The annual classic between the alumni and school team of Hopkins Academy took place June 15 on Alumni field and was a hummer from start to finish. It was characterized by heavy hitting by both teams, with first one and then the other team in the lead. 18 to 15 was the final score, with the older boys on the large end. Arthur Johnson, captain of the Alumni team, had collected a bunch of former stars of the diamond including the following: Frank Kokoski, '17, Charlie Kokoski, '18, "Eddie" Mazeski, '19, "Jim" Lehane, '20, "Fat" Callahan, '18, "Art" Johnson, '18, "Speed" Dixon, '17, Myron Gale, '16, "I guess" Bilski, '20, "Cy" Morton, '15, "Jigger" Murray, '15, and "Socrates" Kokoski, '20. C. Kokoski, who had recently twirled a 15-inning 2-to-1 game in South Deerfield, was in the box for the grads, but found the going hard, turning over the task of holding the heavy hitting school team to Bilski, who was able to check them. "Jigger" Murray led both teams with the stick, with 5 hits. "Jim" Lehane, C. and F. Kokoski, Mileski, Kazara, Jekanowski and Wanczyk hit the ball hard and added many thrills. Hits by F. and C. Kokoski and Lehane were the longest made on the field this year. Fast work by Yarrows, Hopkins speedy left fielder, keeping the long hits to two or three bases. Murray's home run was a feature. Fielding features were turned in by Jekanowski, Flaherty, Johnson, Mazeski, and Lehane. Connelly, Fairman and Dwyer appeared for Hopkins for the last time, as they are members of the graduating class. All performed with credit. Connelly closed an athletic career in which for three years he has been one of leading athletes of the school. Both school and alumni had their cheering sections and vied with each other in songs and cheers. A group of former stars, led by "Cy" Randall and "Cliff" Horton, made a lot of noise, which was appreciated not only by the teams and spectators but by all the residents from Russell street to Hockanum. When the game was looking dark for the alumni they made arrangements to use

some pinchhitters in case they were needed in the final innings. "Cy" Randall, "Jack" Parker and "Lou" Pelissier were all primed for the event, but as it was not necessary, much relief was expressed by the school outfielders, who were tired from chasing long hits. The manager of the school team too, was much relieved, as baseballs are expensive these days and he felt the association could not afford to have many more hit out of the pasture.

Score by innings:

Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Alumni,	0	5	3	1	0	3	2	4	0—18
Hopkins,	0	4	0	4	6	0	1	0	0—15

Alumni Reunion Banquet.

Following the ball game on June 15th an excellent four-course banquet was served in the Hadley Town Hall to over 250 alumni. The Class of 1921, and former and present teachers of Hopkins were invited guests.

The supper was livened up by the distribution of paper caps of many shapes and colors, contributed by Arthur, Henry and Roger Johnson of the Johnson Bookstore, Springfield and alumni of Hopkins.

Following the banquet there were after-dinner speeches. Dr. F. H. Smith acted as toastmaster and in his characteristic and humorous manner added fun to the occasion as he introduced the speakers, the first of whom was Mr. J. C. Hammond, president of the Board of Trustees for 30 years and a member for 50. Mr. Hammond spoke in terms of high praise of the standard of work at Hopkins and of its influence in the community.

Principal Reed, the next speaker, told of the value of Hopkins' traditions, the fine attitude of townspeople and town officials toward the school and of what it means to the school to have the loyal support that the Hopkins Alumni have ever given the school.

Edward Dwyer, president of the class of 1921 gave an appropriate response for his class upon being received into the Alumni Association. Donald Fairman of the Class of 1921 announced

that his class presented a silk service flag with 34 stars to the school as a memorial to the Hopkins alumni who served in the World war.

Mr. F. E. Heald, a former principal, encouraged the giving of a reunion banquet each year.

Miss Mildred Jones of Springfield, a former teacher at Hopkins and Fred Fowler '83 of Shirley were also among the speakers.

Dean Lewis of M. A. C., the speaker of the evening, addressed the Senior Class telling of the ever-increasing need and value of education.

A reading, "The Sidewalk," given by Jeanne Reynolds, '15, was heartily applauded.

The annual election of officers resulted in the choice of: President, Ernest Russell; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Alice Ayres Bailey; Mrs. Minnie Ryan Dwight, Homer Cook; Secretary, Mabelle Shipman; Treasurer, Myron Smith; Prudential Committee, Mrs. Bertha Tuttle Smith, Helen Miller, Mrs. Thera West, Edward Mazeski, Louis D. Pelissier, Edward Dwyer.

Much credit for the success of the reunion is due to Ernest S. Russell, '11, president of the Alumni Association and also chairman of the banquet committee. He was assisted by the following, officers of the Alumni Association for 1920-21: Vice-Presidents, Grace M. Burke, '15, Marcus Dwyer, '15, Ellen Callahan, '16, Arthur Johnson, '18, Captain of Alumni baseball team; Secretary and chairman of publicity committee, Marion Lawrence, '16; Treasurer, Myron Smith, '17; Prudential Committee, Edith Devine, '10, Ralph Smith, '12, Edward Fydenkevez, '17, Helen Miller, '18 also chairman of Decoration Committee.

Class Day.

Few schools have a better campus than Hopkins Academy for out-door exercises, as everyone must realize who was present at the 1921 Class Day exercises held under the large willow west of the school. The program given was as follows:

President's Address of Welcome,	Edward M. Dwyer
Class History,	Margaret L. Kelley
Class Prophecy,	Margaret E. Miller
Prophecy on the Prophet,	Grace E. Murphy

Class Will	John M. Connelly
Charge to the School,	Helen M. Bistrek
Class Ode,	Dorothy P. Comins
"Hopkins Thirty-five Years From Now,"	M. Viola MacLean

Juniors' Farewell to the Seniors,	Harold Pelissier, President of the class of '22
Charge to the Juniors,	Dorothy E. Horton
Presentation of Service Flag to School,	Donald Fairman
Dedication of Class Tree,	Hazel M. Mather

President's Address.

Friends, Alumni, Faculty and Schoolmates:—

It is with the greatest of pleasure that the class of 1921 of Hopkins Academy welcomes you today, to these exercises.

We are indeed glad to see that so many are interested enough in us both as individuals and as a class to be present.

We thank our friends who are with us today for showing their interest in us by their presence.

As for the Alumni, you have experienced this same feeling of regret which the class of 1921 feels today when leaving dear Old Hopkins and all that has meant so much to us during the past four years.

It is the wish of the class that we extend our humble thanks and appreciation to the faculty who have labored so patiently and diligently to help us on our way, and if at times we have appeared careless of the outcome, they by their perseverance have brought us safely to the goal. Our turn has come to go out into the world, some for further study and some to take up the responsibilities of life but wherever we go surely our four years in Hopkins will always remain dear to our memory for she stands now for what she has always stood—the best things in life.

Once more I say, Friends, Alumni, Faculty and Schoolmates: It is with the greatest of pleasure that the Class of 1921 of Hopkins Academy welcomes you today to these exercises.

Edward M. Dwyer, '21.

Class History.

From our study of the dictionary, we learn that history means the narration of facts and events. Now the lot has fallen upon me to narrate the important events which took place during the course of the Class of 1921 at Hopkins.

In the fall of 1917, a group of frightened pupils gathered together for the first time and entered upon the pleasures as well as trials in the High School life. To us, as to all Freshmen, the Seniors in the back seats looked noble and dignified. The first day we were even afraid to glance towards the back of the room. However all this timidity passed away and we soon thought ourselves as wise as any senior even if we were not as tall.

Even if we were thought to be very "green" by the Sophomores, we succeeded in holding our first class meeting without their disturbing us. At this meeting we elected as our President Elinor Smith, Dorothy Comins as Vice-President Bradford Hill as Treasurer and John Connelly, Secretary. The fall and winter months passed quickly and with all our Latin declensions and the algebra rules to learn, we spent much of our time in studying. However, when spring came, we found that the lessons began to grow a little easier and that it did not take as long to learn our vocabularies. We found ourselves at this time preparing to give the school pupils, alumni and teachers the best time of their life at our Freshman social. This went through very successfully and many people really admitted it was the best social ever put on by a Freshman class.

This never-to-be-forgotten year drew to a close with four boys and three girls missing from our ranks. As we parted in June we resolved to become Sophomores of which the school would be proud.

Vacation time passed by all too quickly and we were soon back at Hopkins as brilliant Sophomores. Probably most of us rather regretted being Sophomores at class meeting times, for there was no one to disturb us now, but we, like all Sophomores, found fun in annoying the Freshmen.

For officers this year we elected John Connelly as president, Margaret Kelley as vice-president, Helen Bistrek, secretary and Dorothy Horton, treasurer. Once again the time came when we were to give another social. In order to live up to the reputation that we had made as Freshmen, the class decided to give a play written by three members of the class. It was a very well-written play and the writers deserve much credit.

June of our Sophomore year found us bidding good-bye to our sister class and with all the poems, songs and prophecies to write, we thought ourselves almost as heavily burdened as the Seniors. We all felt very badly when we saw the class of 1919 depart; but we came back the following year we found ourselves as a sister class to the Freshmen, and we determined to be as helpful as possible to it.

Again it was September and we gathered together for the third time. Now the lessons were getting more difficult and longer and we realized that real hard work was ahead of us.

The responsibility of making the Junior "Prom," which is a big affair in every pupil's life, a success was on our shoulders this year. But however, with the help of our class adviser, Miss Burke and the class officers, President, Helen McQueston, Vice-President Donald Fairman, Secretary, Margaret Kelley, and Treasurer John Connelly, we managed to come through with flying colors. Our annual trip to Ashfield and a mountain day to Mt. Holyoke were occasions long to be remembered by the class.

At the annual Lane Prize Speaking contest this year, the class was honored in having two of its members chosen to represent the school, Helen McQueston and Edward Dwyer.

Seniors! The goal to which we had looked forward was reached at last when in 1920 we reassembled at Hopkins for the last year as members of the school.

During this year many delightful picnics and parties took place. One good time, which will always be remembered by the Class of 1921, was the "Prom" on April 15th. The Juniors certainly deserve much credit in giving the class such a delightful time.

Once again the class was honored in having three of its members taking part in the Prize-Speaking Contest, Margaret Miller, who came out with first prize; Constance Hill with third and Edward Dwyer with first.

Now June is here and the writing of our essays was a task we would not want to have to do every day. With Commencement our undergraduate history will close and we leave to resume our studies in the fall in unfamiliar surroundings.

Margaret L. Kelley.

Class Prophecy

After extensive travels over Europe and Asia, I landed in London. I went to one of London's most famous hotels where I intended to stay a few weeks.

At supper the first night I was there. I noticed everyone excited and in a hurry. As I listened to the conversation it seemed to be all based on the moving pictures to be given that night. I became inquisitive, so asked my neighbor, who was a stout man with a shiny bald head and very good-natured, what the pictures were.

"Oh, my word! You an American, and haven't heard about them? Why woman they are to show the lives of 14 men and women that are listed as real and ideal Americans. Won't you come with us?"

He need not have asked me this last question for of course I was going.

We arrived at the theatre early, because we were all anxious to obtain good seats. After a long wait, the orchestra began to play "The Star Spangled Banner," the curtain rose and I read on the screen "The Lives of Fourteen Real and Ideal Americans—Each in Some Different Work but All Working for the Good of Humanity. They All Were Graduated from Hopkins Academy in 1921."

I was startled, I could read no further. My Classmates! I could see them all again and learn what each was doing. They were all called real and ideal Americans. What was I? Just then

my neighbor pinched me and asked if I had ever seen Hopkins Academy. This brought me back to my senses and I began to realize where I was and that it was not a dream. This is what I saw:

Helen Bistrek after being graduated from Framingham Normal School, became cook for the President of the United States. Two years of this was enough for Helen. From there she went to Hopkins and taught in the Household Art Department. She did not stay long there either, for that department has a name for marrying off the teachers, and that's what it did for Helen. She was united with one of North Hadley's promising young men.

John Connelly entered Amherst College and was graduated with high honor. He was paid a large sum of money by the United States government for the services he rendered to his country by patenting a new machine to coin money. With this money he bought the Connecticut Valley Street Railway Company and accumulated a large fortune from this last profitable investment.

Dorothy Comins was graduated from a noted dancing school. From here Dorothy went to the "Hippodrome" and startled New York with her wonderful dancing. She earned large sums of money which she spent in educating others to be dancers. After five years of public dancing Dorothy went to Central America to entertain the natives and teach them the beauty in dancing.

Helen McQueston went to Mount Holyoke College from where she was graduated. She spent the rest of her life as house-mother in a college house. She is known by every girl in Smith as the chaperone of picnics and especially of canoe parties.

Dorothy Horton went to Normal school after two years of fun at home. She lost her ability to flirt and became a most successful old-maid school teacher. Her first school was in Ashfield and she is still teaching there.

Constance Hill attended Vassar College and was graduated in 1925. From there she went to Harvard and studied to be a doctor, but as plans are not always carried out, she became a

doctor's wife instead. The doctor being very small, needed help and she being very small, too, was a good helper.

Grace Murphy, after being graduated from Hopkins, started a hair-dressing parlor. She then heard her calling and became a nurse. After her training she went to New York and was made matron of the Bellevue Hospital. In her spare time she has been a great help to humanity by leading a nation-wide anti-dance crusade.

Edward Dwyer was graduated from Dartmouth in 1924. The next year he became manager of the Cleveland Baseball team. I am sure he received his ability in managing while at Hopkins. He resigned from this after two years and became the owner of one of the largest fisheries in Newfoundland. He caught many kinds of fish.

Margaret Kelley, after spending two years at Normal school, became a teacher. She taught in Amherst and, becoming very prominent in politics, was elected as one of the selectwomen. The next year she was sent to the Massachusetts Senate. Two years later she became governor of Massachusetts and is now running for the United States Senate.

Eleanor Smith received a Master of Arts degree from Mount Holyoke. She then went to Vassar and received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. From then on she has been listed as one of America's most famous essayists. She wrote four volumes on "Note Writing" and a number of books on "School Flirtations."

Bradford Hill, discouraged with life in the East, went West to tame the wild beasts with his music. He became a real old-fashioned music or singing master and was loved by all his pupils.

Viola Maclean began training for a nurse, but being a lover of hills, went West where she could live with them. She married a music teacher out there and spent many happy days.

Hazel Mather, the dress-maker of our class, went to France to study designing. After a number of years of study she returned to Hadley where she started a large factory. Hazel helped to make Hadley known the world over.

Donald Fairman went to M. A. C. after being graduated from Hopkins. He took special courses in chemistry. After he was graduated from there, he taught at Hopkins. He made himself a rich man by his inventions.

This was the last I saw until a man shook me up and told me to go. I opened my eyes and saw the theatre empty, so walked out into London's busy street, much impressed by what I had learned of my class-mates.

Margaret Miller, '21.

Prophecy on the Prophet

On a certain day about ten years after being graduated from Hopkins, finding the weather too warm to remain in the city, I was taking a ride in the country.

While on my way through a rural district, I wondered what my old classmates were doing. "Funny," I thought, "All of us had been told our future with the exception of one girl. I wish someone would tell me something about her."

Deeply absorbed in this, I was startled to hear a strange noise like the roll of distant thunder.

My horse tried to spring aside but he was not quick enough and we were both swallowed up in the earth. To my surprise I found that we were in a very beautiful garden with many beautiful flowers of all colors and sizes and they nodded their heads in the cool breeze that came from the upper world sending their sweet fragrance all over the place.

As I looked around a page came toward me dressed in a startling suit of bright yellow. "You may leave your horse here and come with me. We have been waiting for you this long time." I stared at him in surprise and followed him.

"Oh, I wish I had stayed at home," I said to myself.

We came to a large mansion made of gold which gleamed like a million diamonds. The page took a silver whistle from his pocket and blew three blasts on it. Immediately the door opened and a page in red came out and silently

bade me follow him. "This is too much for me," I said to myself. "Where shall I be next?"

"If you will wait a few minutes you will find out," the page snapped at me. "I never saw such curious people as those of Ye Olde Hopkins." I jumped back a step and stared at him. I had not spoken a word since I found myself in this mysterious place. "Be very careful that you don't talk to yourself young lady when you see the queen. She can read all your thoughts. I quickly promised and then he came to a large den. I heard a lion roar and started back in terror. "'Tis only June, the queen's pet. Sure he won't touch you." I was thoroughly frightened by this time and began to think of all the things I had done when he said, "Don't feel so bad, 'tis your own fault, 'deed it is. Didn't you say you wanted to know about one of your classmates? That's why you are here."

I was no longer frightened, but eager to see this mysterious queen and learn what she had to say.

"Here we are. When you get inside, sit in the large red chair and do not move, even if the queen tells you to, because if you do, you will never get back to the upper region."

With these words he pushed me into the room.

It was a beautiful room with beautiful furniture, but in the middle was a hideous red chair and at the foot of it a huge lion lay watching me with blazing yellow eyes.

Remembering what the page had told me, I advanced and slipped quietly into the chair with the lion at my feet.

On a luxurious couch, covered with many beautiful pillows, a small creature reclined, staring at me with large black eyes.

"You have arrived at last? I have waited for you a long time," she said. "Come and sit near me and I will tell you all about your classmate." Remembering what the page had told me, I politely told her I was very comfortable where I was. She laughed and said, "You are anxious to hear what I have to say, I am sure." I admitted that I was, so she said, "Watch that iron door and do not move or take your eyes off or you will hear or see nothing." I did so

and soon I saw a large crowd of people begin to fill the black space, and I could hear the laugh of the hyenas, the roar of the lions and the growls of the bears. "A circus," I murmured. Then came a beautiful white horse who proudly pranced around, drawing the attention of the people. He was decorated with gold trimmings; on his back sat a very proud rider, nodding and smiling to the right and left, while the people cheered and called, "Lady Peg and her wonderful white Jumper. Queen of the Circus." I nearly fell from my chair in surprise for "Peg, Queen of the Circus" was my old classmate, Margaret Miller. I turned and looked at the queen and she laughed merrily and said, "Yes, after leaving Hopkins, Peg thought she would join the circus as she wished to become famous in some way and this was the only way she could think of. So she joined Barnum & Bailey and soon became a greater bare-back rider than Mae Wirth driving that lady into wild jealousy. I sighed, "I never knew Peg would become so popular," and bidding the queen good-bye, I left the place and found my horse dosing in the garden. I mounted him and again I heard the roar and found myself in the country again. "Well, I am satisfied now that I know what became of Peg, but wait until the others know about it. I wonder what they'll say," and still wondering, I rode home.

Grace Murphy, '21.

Class Will.

Be it known that we, the class of one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one of Hopkins Academy, of the town of Hadley, in the county of Hampshire and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and will hereby declare this to be our last will and testament, revoking any and all former wills by us made:

Item I. To the present Junior Class we bequeath the honor of being Seniors and hope they will fill the back seats in Room A as well as we have.

Item II. To the present Sophomore Class we leave the University of Hopkins, seeing they have the idea it belongs to them.

Item III. To the present Freshman Class we leave three months of rest to gain courage and strength for the incoming class of 1925.

Item IV. To Mr. Reed we leave one golden lock of "Red" Fairman's head as a token of assurance that the graduating "chem." class had "the conception of a molecule."

We also leave him a class of 1925 that knows how to study.

Item V. To Miss Leonard we leave the news that the Closs of 1921 is leaving Hopkins Academy. We know she will be placed at the head of the reporters when the item is put in the *Hadley Gazette*.

Item VI. To Miss Callahan, we leave our thanks and appreciation for the service she has given to the Class of 1921.

Item VII. To Miss Corbin we leave a special car to run between Springfield and Hazardville.

Item VII. To Miss Burke, our worthy class adviser, who has done so much for us, we leave our thanks and appreciation and wish her success as a school "marm" in future years.

Item IX. To Mr. Loring, our Uncle William, we leave a contract to teach French at Smith College, trusting that he will teach one of the young ladies to love him.

We here to affix our signatures this sixteenth day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one.

Class of 1921.

WITNESSES:

Edward Hopkins.

Peter Tilton.

(Parson) Russell.

John M. Connelly.

Charge to the School.

Schoolmates! You do not look for words of wisdom from our lips, and we are willing to concede that our experience is limited. However, as our school year draws to a close we feel as if we might prevent you from making some of the mistakes that we have made.

At times you will find that many pressing activities tempt you to neglect the routine of studies.

Choose wisely from your opportunities so that you may avoid undue interference with your studies. Personal responsibility is one of the greatest lessons that is derived from education.

When you go into athletics, go in for all that you can get out of it and "Fight to the finish," but let it be "Fair play and good sportsmanship." We hope to be able to hear next fall that nearly all the girls at Hopkins Academy belong to the Glee Club, and that the girls take as much interest in gymnasium work as the boys.

We sincerely hope that you will stand by your teachers, whoever they may be, for to have a teacher say of your school, "that is the best school in which I ever taught," is one of the greatest honors obtainable.

Although we may not have always acted as if we had appreciated the time and energy that the teachers have spent on us, we want to say that we certainly do.

They have always been ready to help us with anything that occurred whether it had to do with studies or outside duties.

Lastly, we wish that your remaining days at Hopkins will be as pleasant as ours have been.

Helen Bistrek.

Class Ode.

O, Hopkins! Our Hopkins,
The year is almost thru.
Each moment draws us farther
Dear old school, from you.

We've spent four happy years,
Within your genial walls,
Four busy years,
Four winters, springs and falls.

No more we'll sit in busy classes,
Or climb the oaken stairs.
And sing with the rest, the morning hymn,
Or join in work and cares.

The time has come when we must part,
And others follow must,
Yet ever shining in our heart,
Is Hopkins, the dearest school to us.

If any from our numbers,
 Become of world-wide fame,
 They owe to you dear Hopkins,
 Their honor and their name.

Dorothy Comins.

"Hopkins" Thirty-five Years From Now.

I was teaching my class in English in a New York High School one day in 1956, when the superintendent of schools came to me and asked me if I was a graduate of Hopkins Academy. I replied that I was and he said, "Well, I've been hearing of the marvelous work Hopkins has been doing and I want you to visit the school and find out their methods of teaching, so that the New York schools may copy them."

The next morning, greatly excited at the thought of seeing Hopkins again, I boarded the train for Northampton and reached Hadley late in the afternoon. I had not been in Hadley since my graduation and I was amazed to find a very large city, with elevated railways, subways, beautiful parks, hotels, theatres and museums. In the midst of the city lay Hopkins' campus, as beautiful as any of the parks in the city. As it was late in the afternoon I found a good hotel where I remained over night and the next morning I started out to visit the school.

Hopkins had grown so in the last thirty-five years, that it had been necessary to erect many new buildings. After some difficulty I found the principal's office. I asked the office girl, who looked strangely familiar, if Mr. Reed was still principal. Miss Munska, for the clerk was Victoria, said that I'd have to wait for Mr. Reed was very busy discussing a new school system with Henry Bemben, President of Cornell University but if I wished, I might speak with the assistant principal. I assented,—but you can't imagine my surprise,—when I was introduced to Mr. Robert McQueston, I didn't believe that this tall, broad-shouldered, good-looking man, who must have weighed two hundred pounds, could really be the same "Bob" McQueston, President of the Class of 1924. Why, as I remembered him, he was a very small, puny, little

boy, who was afraid to call his soul his own. Nevertheless, I soon found out that he was the same person and we had a very interesting talk. He showed me the new buildings. There was a Domestic Arts Building, in which there was a large chemistry laboratory as well as the domestic arts kitchen and the dining-room. Then there was the boys' dormitory called "Pill" Hall, because it had been given by the multi-millionaire, Harold Pelissier, and the girls' dormitory called Smith Hall in honor of its donor, Miss Elinor Smith, who was a famous toe-dancer in the New York theater and who received a salary as large as that of Mary Pickford when I was a girl. These two buildings had been necessary, because as Hopkins became famous, pupils came from Australia, Europe, Africa, South America, New Zealand and Asia, especially from India, where the fame of Hopkins had been spread broadcast by Margaret Miller's diligent efforts.

As yet I hadn't seen any of the teachers, so Mr. McQueston asked me if I would like to meet the faculty. Just as he said this a short, thin, little man with white curly hair, came rushing towards us. I don't believe I should ever have recognized him after these thirty-five years if it hadn't been a windy day and just as he started to shake hands with me, a gust of wind blew that white curly hair right off his head. We all started chasing after the wig, for you see it was a wig, and "Bob" McQueston finally caught it and restored it to its rightful owner, Mr. Reed. It was just two o'clock so I visited some of the classes with Mr. Reed, who was not much changed except for the fact that he had become a great talker, very different from what he used to be. I visited English IV and was pleased to find that the teacher was an old class-mate of mine, Miss Hazel Mather. She was certainly an excellent teacher, and I enjoyed the class very much, but as I wanted to visit other classes, I did not stay the whole period. Next, I went to the Cicero class, presided over by Philip Reed, a well-known educator of the day. In the other classes I visited, the teachers were nearly all strangers to me. I asked if Helen Bistrek was still teaching Domestic Arts, but Mr. Reed said,

"Oh! no, she taught a year or two, when she married and became the domestic arts teacher in her own home. I then inquired about the teachers who had been there when I was, and Mr. Reed seemed real pleased to tell me about them.

"Well," he said, "they were fine teachers and Hopkins certainly misses them but they have all done their share of the World's work. There is Miss Callahan for instance, she is the Dean of Wellesley College and she can manage those girls. Some people think she is pretty strict because she won't allow them to dress in the latest style, have their heads shaved and wear hoop skirts."

"You remember Miss Leonard don't you? Well, she is Manager of the School Board now."

"Poor Mr. Loring I was so disappointed in him. I thought surely he would be President of M. A. C. or Governor of Massachusetts but what do you suppose he has gone and done? Why, he got married to a buxom country girl and has become a fisherman on Cape Cod."

"Then you surely have heard of Miss Corbin's success. For years she was the most popular caterer in New York City. Then her art appealed to a very wealthy man; now she is one of the city's upper four hundred."

"As for Miss Burke she married soon after you left, and with her illustrious husband is managing that well-known magazine entitled, *French Agriculture*."

Just then a large automobile stopped in front of the school and the superintendent, whom I recognized as Eleanor Miller, came up to us. Then I remembered why I had been sent to visit Hopkins and we discussed the methods of teaching and education for about an hour. Then I had to leave, promising to come again as soon as possible.

M. Viola Maclean.

Charge to the Juniors.

CLASS OF 1922:

Ours is a limited experience but we cannot leave you without a few words of advice to you. This year takes us on our way into the world

but leaves you with the opportunities of another year at Hopkins.

We wish to extend to you, Class of 1922, our best wishes, before you take your places as Seniors.

To become a Senior at Hopkins Academy should be considered an honor. The lower classes look up to you for advice and council and will follow your example; so let your ways be as near the ideal as possible.

It should be your aim and purpose to aid in keeping up the reputation which this school has won. So whatever your undertaking may be work always for the good name of your school.

Your enthusiasm and hard work are needed in athletics, and your voices should be the leading ones in the chorus.

Aim to keep your class up to the highest standard possible and remember that school spirit is just as important as class spirit.

Soccer, basketball and baseball are enjoyed by all. Although athletics count for much in maintaining a high standard of school spirit, one should always keep in mind that the daily lessons are always of foremost importance. Athletic events can take place between and after regular sessions.

These are only suggestions which, if followed, will better your school work.

If the present senior class has not done its duty, we hope the following class will. And, in conclusion, the Class of 1921 wishes the best joy and happiness to the new Senior Class of 1922.

Dorothy Horton.

Presentation of Gift to School.

Upon leaving our Alma Mater, we the members of the Senior Class, wish to present to the school this service flag as a token of our love for and loyalty to Hopkins Academy and as a memorial for the sons of Hopkins who gave their services in the World war.

We hope that future students of Hopkins Academy realizing the courage and sacrifice represented by this flag may be inspired to be true patriots and worthy American citizens.

Donald Fairman.

Dedication of the Class Tree.

Friends and Alumni of Hopkins Academy:

As so many of you are assembled here on this beautiful campus to attend once more the annual class day exercises of our Alma Mater, Hopkins Academy. Your presence conveys that thought that you are still loyal to her.

It has been the custom for each graduating class to dedicate a tree for its gathering place at Class Day reunions.

This is a hickory tree planted by one of Hopkins Academy's noted trustees. See how it has thrived on Hopkins soil. We hope the branches are symbolic of the members of the Class of 1921, ever striving upward and onward to reach the goal of their ambition. We, the Class of 1921, have chosen this as our class tree and when, in the ranks of the alumni we gather each year at our class reunions, we shall loyally seek the shade of its spreading branches as the place we call our own.

As a class we may be separated by many miles and by varied occupations, but we shall always have a common bond in our love for Hopkins Academy.

Hazel M. Mather

At the close of the Class Day exercises, Margaret Miller presented Miss Burke with a gift from the graduating class expressing their thanks and appreciation for the help she has given them.

Dorothy Comins presented Mrs. Anderson with a gift from the school in appreciation of the work she has done for us and the enjoyable times we have had under her capable direction.

After the Class Day exercises lantern slides were shown in the gymnasium. These slides, collected by Mr. Reed, include many pictures of Hopkins, past and present, also other pictures of local interest.

At 6 o'clock the class and faculty were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Reed at an informal luncheon. A very enjoyable evening followed with games and music.

The Class of 1921 was graduated from Hopkins Academy on Friday evening, June 17th, in the Hadley Town Hall. The hall had been prettily decorated by the Class of '22 under the direction of their class adviser, Miss Leonard.

The program was as follows:

Senior March

"Star Spangled Banner"

Essay—"The Science of Advertising,"
Edward Michael Dwyer

Essay—"The Art of Speech," Helen Bell McQueston

Chorus—"Daybreak," *Wilson*
—"Song of a Man," *Kotle*

Essay—"Journalism, an Agency of Civilization,"
Elinor Van Dorn Smith

Essay—"Music Hath Charms,"
Bradford Morehouse Hill

Essay—"The Color Crisis of the Ages,"
Constance Hill

Chorus—"Regatta Song," *Manney*
—"Home to Our Mountains," *Verdi*

Granting of Diplomas,
Dr. F. H. Smith, Secretary of the Board of Trustees

Announcement of James Robert Ryan Prize; School Trophy; Athletic Scholarship Medal; Pro Merito Society Members.

Chorus—"Hail, All Hail to Hopkins."
—"Hail, Hopkins Hail."
SCHOOL AND AUDIENCE.

Reception to Graduates.

In the absence of President Hammond, the diplomas were granted by Dr. Smith, Secretary of the Board of Trustees.

The James Robert Ryan Prize was awarded to Helen Marion Bistrek; the School Trophy to the Class of 1921, and the Athletic Scholarship Medal to John Mileski, '22.

The following members of 1922 were awarded Pro Merito: Susie Kremensky, John Mileski, Mary Neil, Kathryn Toole and Ethel White.



Journalism, an Agency of Civilization.

Journalism covers a broad field. It includes beside the newspaper, the weekly and monthly magazines that deal with current matters, as well as the technical publications. Its best known branch, however, is the daily newspaper, which is one of the most influential agencies of civilization. No preacher no teacher, can reach the audience that the paper does, for even the largest audience that an orator can draw is negligible when compared with the great number of persons who read our daily papers. While the orator may sway the audience for the moment by his eloquence and magnetism, the enthusiasm soon wains when he has finished. The words that can be studied in their full meaning are the ones that make the strongest and most lasting impression.

The newspaper has been of foremost importance in the United States since the beginning of the eighteenth century. Perhaps a forerunner of the daily paper was the method of spreading the news by the spoken word. This reached its highest development in Detroit, Michigan, where Father Gabriel Richard was its conductor. To arouse the public and awaken an interest in the affairs of the government, he appointed a town crier who, every Sunday at the doors of his church, told the public in general all the news that was fit to be spoken.

Later to supplement the spoken newspaper, a written edition was posted near the church.

The first paper to be published successfully in the United States was started in 1704 at Boston. John Campbell, the postmaster, had long been in the habit of sending out letters to people in the surrounding towns informing them of recent actions of the Governor. The demand for such information became so great that he was obliged to set up a printing press, and his first pirnted letter was called *The Boston News-Letter*. The publisher's announcement was in the form of an advertisement. It read as follows:

"This *News-Letter* is to be continued weekly, and all persons who have any houses, lands, tenements, farms, ships, vessels goods, wares, or merchandise, etc., to be sold or let or servants runaway or goods stoll or lost may have the same inserted at a reasonable rate; from 12 pence to 5 shillings, and not to exceed, who may agree with Nicholas Boone for the same at his shop, next door to Major Davis's apothecary in Boston, near the Old Meeting House.

"All persons in town and country may have said *News-Letter Weekly* upon reasonable terms, agreeing with John Campbell, Post-master for the same."

The contents of the paper have come to vary greatly in the last two centuries. However, the influence of the press of modern times has increased rather than diminished.

The first of the nineteenth century saw the political publications at their highest. All courtesies were laid aside. The *Federalist* ridiculed the Republicans without reason and vice versa. Often a large part of the editorial page was given to the abuse of rival editors. The prominence of the newspaper in politics has ever since been marked. What would the present-day politician do without a newspaper or magazine in which to present his cause? Certainly a third of the average paper is devoted to political and current affairs.

Some papers profess to be neutral, but many of the largest and most influential are notoriously partisan. For example, take the *New York Tribune*, the *New York World* or the *Boston Transcript*. Early in the war, many papers tried to be strictly neutral in the publication of news. In fact neutrality was often placed before accuracy.

The eighth edition of a daily paper on a certain day stretched this headline across the page: "Germans Fall Like Leaves at Battle of Ypres."

The ninth edition of the same paper on the same day bore this: "Allies Fall Like Leaves at Battle of Ypres."

Could any newspaper be more neutral?

With party papers, it is the editor's duty to convince the readers that his paper's viewpoint is the correct one. This is not always a difficult task for nearly every reader has his favorite paper. This fact is especially to be noted in the rural communities. We have all heard of the kind of person who is so influenced by his favorite paper that its word is gospel. If it suggests a way to govern the United States, that way is the only way. He knows its pages and columns as one knows the rooms of a house. He always looks for the weather forecast at the top of the first page or for the local news at the bottom of the fourth page.

However, the day of the favorite newspaper is passing. We note more carefully the editor's viewpoint and prejudices. We begin to realize that paper has defects as well as merits. We prefer the way another publication deals with a

certain subject. In other words, everyone reads the paper for the things which interests him the most. A man, who is more interested in baseball than he is in the latest proceedings of Congress, would consider his paper very uninteresting if it put an account of a Congressional debate on the first page and buried "Ty" Cobb's latest victory in a less conspicuous place.

Nearly equal in importance with its political influence is the daily paper's moral and social influence. George E. Vincent, president of the University of Minnesota, says, "The press is more than a business. It is a social service, fundamental to the national life, exerting profound influence upon it. We, the people, make the press what it is. The press can help us to make all our national institutions more nearly what they should be."

According to James M. Lee of the University of New York, the ethics of journalism of today are higher than those of any other profession. What the press does is known and read by all men. It does not print one edition for one class of subscribers and another for another. Everyone knows where the paper stands. It may be the wrong side, but it is publicly labeled so that no one is deceived. What other profession can say as much?

Many people are in the habit of complaining bitterly at the intrusion of the reporter into every nook and corner of the state and even into the privacy of the home. In this extreme publicity, is really to be found a new means of social, industrial, and political reform and progress and it affords a new and strong guarantee for the American Republic. Nevertheless, the moral influences of the newspaper are not always uplifting but on the other hand are sometimes very demoralizing. Professor James Lee says, "There is nothing quite so degrading as certain of the so-called comic supplements supposed to be issued for the amusement and edification of children, which they are permitted to have without restriction. The comic supplement encourages those qualities most in need of repression. The comic editor's idea of fun is vulgarity. They are not only morally bad, but

they destroy the taste for the beautiful and artistic. The pictures are hideous, the coloring is offensive and everything is distorted."

While the comic section may have influence over many, it is only a minor part of the paper as compared with the editorial page. The war from the start did much to bring this into prominence. The readers, unfamiliar with European geography and the political situation of the warring countries, had to have the news interpreted through the editorial.

The aim of every editor is brevity and clearness; to provide a varied bill of fare that can be easily assimilated. He has to be responsible for the news; that which will be unusual and will interest the public, and at the same time will not detract from the standard of the paper.

The reporter must be a person who is constantly on the alert. He is trained to notice things which escape the casual observer. He is skilled in a forceful way of writing, a manner of saying the most in the least possible space. He must have a good command of the English language. The newspaper, so universally read, should and does have clear and forceful English, and the person whose writing is not grammatically correct or who has a limited vocabulary, does not rise far in the newspaper world. Indeed, the person who receives the training of an editor or a reporter may feel sure that he has a liberal education.

There are now schools of journalism, established for the training of men for the newspaper profession. Joseph Pulitzer, one of America's greatest journalists and at one time the editor of *The New York World*, founded the first school at Columbia University in 1912. Now the University of Missouri has a school of journalism with the same standing as its schools of medicine, of law, and of education.

The newspaper is after all the only reading that the busy working man or woman has a chance to see. It keeps him informed on the current events of the day. But the modern paper is not read merely for its review of current affairs. There are the agricultural and household hints which are especially helpful in

rural communities. There are the book reviews, valuable for the person wishing to keep up with the recent publications. There are glimpses of the theatre, mechanical sections, and paragraphs on numerous topics, each necessary in itself.

Seeing the paper as it is today, a great power in the world, though by no means perfect, we wonder what the future is to be. The circulation will increase as the years go on. It rests with the news papers themselves to say whether they shall have circulation alone or circulation plus influence, and circulation plus the right kind of influence. There are many papers today which are a hindrance to civilization. We are all acquainted with the kind which bear the flaring headlines of some murder or crime. Murder or crime may exist but is it for every man and woman to become so imbued with that subject that, that is sufficient reason for reading the paper? No! And we are glad to say that that day has not yet come! The best type of an American paper will always aim for a moral uplift to the man, the community, and the whole country.

Elinor Smith, '21.

The Color Critics of the Ages.

"The race problem is the biggest and most perplexing the world faces today," declares Rev. H. H. Kelsey, the American Board's representative in charge of the Pacific Coast District.

The imperious urge of the colored world toward racial expression was well visualized by that keen English student of world affairs, Doctor E. J. Dillon, when he wrote more than a decade ago. "The problem is one of life and death—a veritable sphinx question—to those most nearly concerned. For no race, however inferior it may be, will consent to famish slowly in order that other people may fatten and take their ease, especially if it has a good chance to make a fight for life."

Now, after the war the white world lies dilapidated and uncured. The colored world views such conditions as are a standing incitement to rash dreams and violent action. Through the passing years, the white race has gradually

acquired the hatred of the colored races. We have always considered ourselves the master of the world and have looked down upon the colored man as our inferior. He is gradually accumulating knowledge; he is following our teachings in science and politics. And, he is beginning to feel the burden of white oppression. What then will be the natural outcome of these conditions?

The yellow race, at present, seems to be the greatest menace. Their land is the Far East. Here the group of kindred stocks, usually termed "Mongolian," have dwelt for unnumbered ages. Down to the most recent times, the yellows lived virtually a life apart.

When the white man succeeded in dragging his yellow brother into the full stream of world affairs, he openly rejoiced. However, we are now beginning to regret the actions which forced the yellow race into contact with the outer world. As an Australian writer, J. Liddel Kelly, remarks: "We have erred grievously by prematurely forcing ourselves upon the Asiatic races. The instinct of the Asiatic in desiring isolation and separation from other forms of civilization was much more correct than our craze for imposing our forms of religion, morals and industrialism upon them. It is not race hatred nor even race-antagonism, that is at the root of this attitude; it is an unerring intuition, which in years gone by, has taught the Asiatic that his evolution in the scale of civilization could best be accomplished by his being allowed to develop on his own lines. Pernicious European compulsion has led him to abandon that attitude. Let us not be ashamed to confess that he was right and we were wrong."

However, rightly or wrongly, the deed was done and the yellow people forced into the world arena, proceeded to adapt themselves to their new political environment and to learn the correct method of survival under the strenuous conditions which there prevailed. Japan was the first of the yellow people to go methodically to the white man's school, and Japan's repaid acquirement of our science, soon showed itself in dramatic demonstrations like

her military triumph over China in 1894, and over Russia a decade later.

The Russo-Japanese War is one of those landmarks in human history, the significance of which increases with the lapse of time. The war was momentous, not only for what it did, but for what it revealed. The legend of white invincibility was shattered, the veil of prestige that draped its civilization was torn aside and the white world's manifold weaknesses were laid bare for candid examination.

Now the yellow man is beginning to feel more self-confident and sure of his own ability. For example, "Buddhism," a publication of Rangoon, Burmah, a country of the Indo-Chinese border-lands, between the yellow and brown worlds, expressed hopes for an Oriental alliance against the whites. "It would, we think," said this paper, "be no great wonder if a few years after the conciliation of this war saw the completion of a defensive alliance between Japan, China, and possibly, Siam—the formulation of a new Monroe Doctrine for the Far East guaranteeing the integrity of existing states against further aggression from the West. The West has justified—perhaps with some reason—every aggression on weaker races by the doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest, on the ground that it is best for future humanity that the unfit should be eliminated and give place to the most efficient race. That doctrine applies equally as well to any possible struggle between Aryan and Mongolian, which ever survives, in the event of the struggle, between the two for world-mastery will, on their own doctrine, be the one most fit to do so, and if the survivor be Mongolian is the Mongolian no "peril" to humanity, but the better part of it." This shows in part, the attitude of the yellow man toward the white race. Let us look to ourselves then, and ask if such a thing could possibly be. Would the Mongolian prevail under the doctrine of the Survival of the Fittest?

That Urban Celestial, Doctor Wu-Ling-Fang well says of his own people: "Experience proves that the Chinese as all-around laborers can easily out-distance all competitors. They are in-

dustrious, intelligent and orderly. They can work under conditions that would kill a man of less hardy race; in heat would kill a salamander, or in cold that would please a polar bear, sustaining their energies through long hours of unremitting toil with only a few bowls of rice."

This economic superiority of the Chinaman shows not only with other races, but with his yellow kindred as well. Wherever the two have met in economic competition, the Chinaman has won out. But, after all, Chinese and Japanese are fundamentally of the same race and culture. They may have their bitter family quarrels, but in the last analysis they understand each other, and may arrive at surprisingly sudden agreements. One thing is certain, both these overpopulated lands well feel increasingly the serious need of territorial expansion.

For these reasons, then, the political tension which now exists between China and Japan cannot be considered as permanent and we would do well to envisage the possibility of close Chinese cooperation in the ambitious program of Japanese foreign policy.

Thus it is with the brown, the black and the red man. Each is ambitious for himself. Indeed they are awakening to the possibilities of a new age.

Yahya Siddyk, an Egyptian, wrote of the brown race in 1907: "A new era opens for us with the fourteenth century of the Hegira, and this happy century will mark our renaissance and our great future! A new breath animates the Mohammedan peoples; all Moslems are penetrated with the necessity of work and instructions! We all wish to travel, do business, tempt fortune, brave dangers. There is in the East, among the Mohammedans, a surprising activity unknown twenty-five years ago. There is today a real public opinion throughout the East."

The convention held last August, in New York by the negroes is an example of the discontent among the black people. Marcus Garvey, the negro, "Moses," said in his opening speech: "This convention is called for the purpose of framing a bill of rights for the negro race. We shall write a constitution within this month that shall guide and govern the destiny of our

four hundred millions. This constitution, like that of the greatest democracy of the world, we shall defend with the last drop of our blood. Wherever I go, whether it is England, France, Germany, Italy or America, I am told, 'This is white man's country.' Wherever I travel, in this nation, I am made to understand that I am a "nigger." If the Englishman claims England as his native habitat, the Frenchman claims France as his home, the Americans this continent as their land, then the time has come for the negroes to claim Africa as their native land!"

This definitely shows that the black people, as well as the other races, are awakening to the realization that the white man is not invincible and cannot rule them always.

The red race is more widely scattered and considerably mixed with other races. But still, the Americans present an imminent danger when Japan and her foreign policy are considered.

The yellow man has resolved to have the whole East indisputably for his own, and is already beating against the white world's race frontiers. But mongrel America! What other field offers such tempting possibilities for Mongolian race—expresion as South and Central America? Here are vast regions of incalculable, unexploited wealth, sparsely inhabited by stagnant populations cursed with anarchy and feeble with miscegenation—how could such lands resist the onslaught of tenacious and indomitable millions? The answer is self-evident. They could not resist, and such an invasion once began, would be consummated with a celerity and thoroughness perhaps unexampled in human history. The yellow race would without doubt, in time overrun the red man. But even with the red race extinct, still, the Japanese and Chinese, if once our near neighbors would present a much greater danger than at present.

This is the problem as it has been complex and intricate! But when viewed in the light of the World war, it takes on deeper color and new meaning. The war was nothing short of a headlong plunge into suicide for the white race. The total loss of life directly attributable to the war is probably 40,000,000. These were mostly

drawn from the flower of manhood. Russia, England, France, Germany, Italy and America, which were the chief sufferers and which represent the sources of the white race, have been perilously crippled.

Even in the first frenzied hours of August, 1914, wise men realized the horror that stood upon the threshold. An English writer, Harold Beglie, then said: "Remember this: Among the young conscript soldiers of Europe, who will die in thousands, and perhaps millions are the very flowers of civilization. We shall destroy brains, which might have discovered for us, in ten or twenty years, cures for the worst human pains and solutions for the worst of social dangers. We shall blot those souls out of our common existence. We shall destroy utterly those splendid burning spirits reaching out to enlighten our darkness. Our fathers destroyed those strange and valuable creatures whom they called "witches." We are destroying the brightest of our angels."

Armageddon has left the white world morally and politically chaotic, and political uncertainty is a poor basis on which to rebuild Europe's shattered economic life. "Europe's prosperity before the war was due to the development of a marvelous system of world-trade; intricate, nicely adjusted, functioning with great efficiency, and running at high speed."

Then down upon this delicately organized mechanicism crashed the trip-hammer of the Great war, literally smashing it to pieces. To reconstruct so delicate a fabric takes time.

But what effect has this great war had on the colored races? Has it been enervating or depressing? The world of color for four years was virtually an onlooker, while the white brothers "cut each other's throats." We are now in a weakened state and a sudden onslaught from the Japanese or negroes would doubtless shatter white civilization. The races of color will not be slow to realize our weaknesses and if the present draft is not changed we whites are all ultimately doomed!

To many minds the mere possibility of such a catastrophe may seem unthinkable. Yet a dis-

passionate survey of the past shows that it is not only possible but probable, if present conditions go on unchanged. To be sure, there is probably no ONE curative agent, since our troubles are complex, and magic elixirs cure only in the realm of dreams. Let us conserve our strength and resources and strive for race betterment. This is not a selfish view, but for the good of the world as a whole. The object is to produce the greatest number of those fittest, not merely for survival, but fittest for all purposes. The lower types among men progress so far as their racial inheritance allows them to, chiefly by imitation and emulation. The presence of the highest development and highest institutions among any race is a distinct betterment to all the others.

But then, it all comes down to a question of self-preservation. And in spite of what sentimentalists may say, self-preservation IS the first law of nature. As love one's cultural, idealistic and racial heritage; to swear to pass that heritage unimpaired to one's children, to fight and, if need be to die in its defense; all this eternally right and proper—and no amount of casuistry or sentimentality can alter the unalterable truth.

Let us then act in the spirit of Kipling's immortal lines:

Our fathers in a wonderous age,
Ere yet the world was small,
Ensured to us a heritage,
And doubted not at all.
That we, the children of their heart,
Which then did beat so high
In later times should play the part
For our posterity.

Then, fretful, murmur not they gave
So great a change to keep,
Nor dream that awestruck Genie shall save
Their labor while we sleep,
Dear bought and clear, a thousand years
Our fathers' title runs
Make me likewise their sacrifice
Defrauding not our sons.

Constance Hill, '21.



1921 BASKET BALL TEAM

Standing—Left to Right: Mileski, sub.; Jekanowski, b; Yarrow, sub.; Seated: Pelissier, f; Fairman, f; Connelly, c; Coffey, b; Moore, f

ATHLETICS.

The baseball team performed creditably all the season giving a number of good exhibitions of the national game. Smith Academy had a team for the first time in a number of years and our two games with them were full of all sorts of excitement and thrills. They won the first game, 9 to 8 at Hatfield. Hopkins had the game apparently won 8 to 7, when with two gone in the ninth the Smith Academy boys scored the tying run and in the last half of the tenth inning drove in the winning run. The return game was the most exciting played on the Alumni Field this year. The account of it follows:

Hopkins 12, Smith Academy 9.

Hopkins of Hadley and Smith Academy of Hatfield played an interesting and exciting game of baseball on Hopkins field May 26, the home team winning 12 to 9. Both teams hit the ball hard all through the game, giving the infielders some difficult work. Some good solid hitting gave the visitors three runs in their half of the second inning; a hit, an error and a fine two-base drive by Zgrodnik gave them two more in the third and produced another run in the fourth. They kept up their hitting, but were unable to get another run across until their half of the ninth. Hopkins began scoring in the first when Dwyer hit one for two bases and scored on Connelly's single. Hits by Mileski and Wanczyk scored a run in the second; four more were collected in the third by some good solid clouting of the ball; two runs were added in the fifth and four in the sixth.

With the score 12 to 6 against them, Smith Academy made a strong bid in the first of the ninth. Ryan started it with a safe one. Billings was passed, Zgrodnick's clean hit scored Ryan. With two on and none out Connelly took Kazara's place in the box, struck out the next two batters, but was nicked for a fine two-base drive by Howard, which sent in two runs. A strike out ended the game. The teams were very evenly matched and every inning developed possibilities that might put one or the other team

to the front: Connelly and Raffa the catchers, worked hard all the time and kept their respective teams on their toes. Chandler pulled off the feature play of the game when he raced back in right field and took a line drive from Kazara's bat. Kazara was given good support, the work of Wanczyk, Jekanowski and Flaherty being gilt edged. The Score:

HOPKINS

	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Dwyer, cf	5	2	2	0	1	0
Connelly, c, p,	5	2	3	9	1	0
Jekanowski, 2, c,	5	2	2	5	1	0
Kazara, p, 2,	5	2	2	0	4	0
Flaherty, 1	5	1	2	9	0	0
Mileski, 3, r,	4	2	2	1	1	2
Yarrows, r, 3,	4	0	0	1	1	0
Moore, lf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Wanczyk, ss	4	1	3	1	2	0
Totals,	41	12	16	27	11	2

SMITH ACADEMY

	ab	r	h	po	a	e			
Howard, s,	6	2	2	0	1	0			
Graves, 1,	5	0	4	8	0	1			
Keller, 3, p,	5	0	2	1	2	0			
Raffa, c,	5	0	2	10	2	0			
Ryan, cf,	5	2	2	1	0	0			
Billings, p, 3	4	2	1	1	4	2			
Zgrodnik, lf,	5	2	3	1	0	0			
Day, 2,	4	1	0	1	0	1			
Chandler, rf,	4	0	1	1	1	0			
	—	—	—	—	—	—			
Totals,	43	9	17	24	10	4			
Innings,	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Hopkins,	1	1	4	2	0	4	0	0	—12
Smith,	0	3	2	1	0	0	0	0	3—9

Two base hits, Dwyer, Jekanowski, Connelly, Flaherty, Howard, Zgrodnik; base on balls, by Kazara 2; struck out by Kazara 5, Connelly 3; hit by pitched ball, Mileski, by Billings 4, by Keller 8. Umpire, Murphy.

The batting of the team developed as the season advanced. Their ability to hit was proven in the Alumni game when they faced two of the best pitchers in this vicinity, C. Kokoski and Bilski, and succeeded in collecting a total of 16 safe hits.

Dwyer led the team all the year with the stick and was fastest on the bases. Mileski's stick work improved fast. In the last three games of

the season his hitting was superior to that of any of his teammates. Dwyer and Connelly, two of the mainstays of the team this year will be missing next year as both graduated in June, but if all of the other members of the team are on hand next spring, Hopkins should be represented on the diamond by a team especially strong with the stick.

The batting averages for the year follow:

	No.	Times		Per-
	Games	at Bat	Hits	cent-age
Dwyer,	10	42	19	.452
Mileski,	10	32	14	.438
Jekanowski,	9	39	15	.385
Kazara,	10	43	14	.326
Yarrows,	8	27	8	.296
Connolly,	10	41	12	.293
Flaherty,	10	36	10	.278
Wanczyk,	9	38	8	.205
Coffey,	3	10	1	.100
Moore,	8	23	2	.085
Pelissier,	5	9	0	.000

Two-Base Hits—Dwyer 5, Jekanowski 2, Connolly, Flaherty, Wanczyk.

Three-Base Hits—Jekanowski.

Home Runs—Jekanowski, Connolly.

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